

AUGUST 9, 1923

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*

PRICE 15 CENTS

# To Go to Niagara— Come to Buffalo

There are some new and attractive reasons for including Niagara Falls—and Buffalo—in your vacation trip, this year.

One of them is the NEW Hotel Statler at Buffalo, where you can live in comfort and luxury, only twenty-two miles from the Falls, and take your choice of five different ways of making the short and pleasant trip.

The new Statler is on Niagara Square, where Delaware Avenue begins; it has 1100 rooms, 1100 baths—including 169 twin-bed rooms (from \$7, for two) and 104 parlor suites; single rooms are from \$3.50.

The former Hotel Statler is now known as *Hotel Buffalo*; and the old *Hotel Iroquois* has been closed.

Another reason for vacationing in this territory is 2000 miles of new paved highway through the Great Lakes country, from Toronto to the Northern Michigan resorts. This great playground offers almost any recreation you seek, and greater touring-comfort than ever before.

## Stop at the Statlers

There are Statler Hotels at Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis, and in each of them you will find comforts and con-

veniences that will add greatly to the pleasure of your vacation. Each of these cities—as well as the nearby pleasure-grounds to which they are gateways—is well worth a long visit.

The rate per day (for one and for two people) of every Statler room is posted permanently in that room, printed in plain figures.

And Statler service is guaranteed to you—read the column at the right.



## Statler Service is Guaranteed

We guarantee that our employees will handle all transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guest as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We guarantee that every employee will go to the limit of his authority to satisfy the guest whom he is serving; and that if he cannot satisfy him he will immediately take him to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write to me a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of the 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept, I want to know it.

My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotel Statler Company, Inc., Buffalo.

*Emstatler*

### HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO: 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Niagara Square. The old Hotel Statler (at Washington and Swan) is now called Hotel Buffalo; and the old Iroquois Hotel is closed, not to re-open.  
CLEVELAND: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Euclid, at E. 12th.  
DETROIT: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Grand Circus Park.  
ST. LOUIS: 650 rooms, 650 baths. Ninth and Washington.  
BOSTON: Now preparing to build at Columbus Ave., Providence and Arlington Sts.

# STATLER

and Statler-operated

# HOTELS

### Hotel Pennsylvania New York

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32d to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Railway Terminal. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

## The Jester to the Critics

You think because I grin and fleer  
and gibe—

You think because I play the mum-  
mer's part,  
Because I laugh at man and all his  
tribe,

There lies no secret sorrow at my  
heart.

The panting tides wooing the harlot  
moon;

A hurt child weeping for its broken  
toy;

A piping shepherd's little lonely tune;  
Blind Priam's anguish and the rape  
of Troy;

The town that blusters but to hide  
its pain;

A mourning figure by the hearth-  
fire dim;

The ancient trespass and the brand of  
Cain;

All these, you say, mean less than  
naught to him.

You think I'm heedless of the griefs  
of Earth;

"He only loves," you say, "the  
whimsy slight;

Seeks but the passing jest—the mo-  
ment's mirth."

And I confess you're absolutely  
right. *B. I.*

## Recollections of a New York Sunday in Summer

EMPTY clubs...deserted streets...  
unoccupied restaurants...advertis-  
ements of sea-side resorts...the siz-  
zling asphalt of Fifth Avenue...the  
closed theatres on Broadway...the  
roof-garden effects along Riverside  
Drive...desolate hotel lobbies...ad-  
vertisements of mountain resorts...  
open taxis...electric fans...straggling  
groups in Central Park...vacant  
benches in Madison Square...silent  
Fourth Avenue...the rising thermom-  
eter...locked and bolted newsstands  
...orangeade booths...Chinatown  
sight-seeing busses one-seventh filled  
...navigable streets...mobs at the  
Grand Central Station...peaceful  
Wall Street...hand organs...the  
hollow sound of the passing 'L trains  
...a curious quiet over the city...an  
absence of familiar faces...a scorch-  
ing sun...fruitless telephoning...a  
hired car...Queensborough Bridge  
...the road to Long Beach.

*C. G. S.*

## Supply and Demand

PERSONS who still believe the old  
songs are the best may have to revise  
their opinion in view of the announce-  
ment that Nicaragua is about to ship  
us a record crop of 1,000,000 stems of  
bananas.



# One on Plutarch

THE race is to the swift,  
and Plutarch soon be-  
came too discouraged even  
to look to his laurels. He  
simply couldn't keep the  
pace set by the tireless Fra  
Elbertus.

Every year twelve spark-  
ling, powerful "Little  
Journeys" were added  
—one each calendar  
month—to that gallery  
of immortal portraits.  
Steadily the mighty  
tome of inspired bio-  
graphies rose higher  
and higher until the  
volumes to the Fra's  
credit numbered 182—

## Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great

These "Little Journeys"—giving intimate pictures of great Artists, Musicians, Writers, Teachers, Philosophers, Orators, Statesmen and Businessmen, are "close-ups" such as only a man of genius and keen perception can give to the world.

To read them is to understand where Hubbard found the inspira-  
tion for starting the Roycroft Shops. He lived on intimate terms  
with the Great of all nations and all times. And in the same intimate  
terms he tells about them; their hopes and fears—delightful details  
of their private life—the motives that prompted their action—the  
stumbling blocks they tripped over or avoided. In a delightful man-  
ner he brings the most ancient of great men to our modern world—to  
our every-day human level. We smile to find the same human weak-  
nesses in these great men and are inspired and encouraged by them.

## Enlarge Your Vision While You Enjoy Yourself

So graphic and lifelike are these great  
pen pictures that while you read you  
seem to live in far off places, in days  
long past. You conceive new thoughts  
as they first were grasped by human  
mind and wonder at the scepticism with  
which our common knowledge was re-  
ceived.

You realize more than ever before that  
the men and women whose names have

lived are those who were not afraid of  
a new idea and when convinced of its  
soundness were ready to die if need be  
to show their faith in it.

These "Journeys" prove again that the  
best way to know history is to read  
biography and it is the only way to re-  
tain it; and what a delightful way to  
receive it when carried rapidly on the  
swift current of brilliant narrative.

*Life is joyous, interesting—that is Elbert Hubbard's message in  
"Little Journeys." We want to pass that message on to you.*

## A Rare Opportunity

We have made it possible for a few  
of Elbert Hubbard's friends to add this  
superfine Memorial Edition of "Little  
Journeys" to their libraries at a price so  
special that we're not "broadcasting" it.  
Clip the coupon, mail to day and we'll  
give you all the particulars of this good  
news. Besides, we'll send you a  
"Journey" Booklet containing, "A  
Message to Garcia."

## The Roycrofters

East Aurora

New York

Mail This Coupon NOW

The Roycroft Shops,  
East Aurora, New York

You may send me, FREE, the "Little  
Journey" Booklet, including Elbert Hub-  
bard's "A Message to Garcia." Also send  
me full particulars about the special price  
and easy terms on which I may secure the  
Memorial Edition of "Little Journeys."

Name .....

Address ..... Life 8-9-23





## THE WORLD'S FINEST TIRES BACKED BY A CERTIFIED SERVICE

Nothing contributes more to the pleasure of motoring than the feeling of security which comes to the man who drives Republic Tires. He knows that from factory floor to wayside service station everything has been done to protect him—tire trouble is eliminated.

Every Republic Tire is made as good as a tire can be made. Skilled workmen—the best available—build them and into them goes a splendidly sincere desire to produce the best, not just be-

cause the Republic man wants to hold his job, but for the sake of a twenty year old company and associations that he respects.

Backing up this splendid product is the famous Republic Certified Service organization. Republic Dealers meet rigid service requirements before they are granted the franchise for the sale of Republic Tires. You can tell a Certified Republic dealer by the "Sign of the Eagle." Look for the sign, it assures you of expert, courteous service wherever you go.

Displayed by Republic  
dealers only.



# REPUBLIC TIRES

WITH SILENT NON-SKID STAGGARD STUDS



# Life



*The Disappointing Letter*



"UNCLE JERRY, CAN I HONK YOUR HORN?"  
 "YES, YOU CAN HAVE THREE HONKS."  
 "WELL, I THINK I'LL TAKE ONE OF THEM NOW."

### Time Out

"WHAT makes you think Higgins was lit up last night?"

"Well, I sat next to him at the movies and when they showed the news-reel he tried to set his watch by a clock in one of the street scenes."

### Two in a Taxi

HE (earnestly): One kiss is all I ask.

SHE: But this is a non-stop street.

KINDNESS: Taking the mail carrier for a nice walk on Sunday.

### Duty with Pleasure

"FIRE!"

Clouds of smoke poured from the doomed building.

A tall emaciated gentleman hove into view. He was running up the street, a joyous smile on his face. With not even a helmet to shield him or a thimble of water to aid him, he walked into the burning house, and shortly there was not a single blaze nor a puff of smoke left.

In a little while the gentleman emerged, loosening his belt and looking altogether happy and uncharred.

"Well," I exclaimed, "that bird is a cuckoo—certainly can put a fire out!"

"Put it out?" scoffed a spectator. "Put it in, you mean! Why, that gink's been with a circus forty years: he's a retired Fire-Eater, he is, and I'll bet that's the first square meal he's had in a month!"

Cyril B. Egan.



"ISN'T NATURE WONDERFUL?"  
 "IT SURE IS. AND IT ALL LOOKS SO NATURAL!"  
 "THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT IT."



"LISSEN, JANIE, IN DE NECKBAND OF DIS WHITE MAN'S CULLAD SHIRT IT SAYS 'WAR-RAN-TEED NOT TO FADE.'"  
 "WELL, SISSYLOU, WHAT OF IT?"  
 "NOTHIN', ONLY I BET I FADES IT."

## Do You Know the New-Voes?

DO you know the New-Voes?  
 Well, you will.

The New-Voes have a way of knowing everybody.  
 At least, they know who everybody is.  
 And what everybody does.  
 And where and when they do it.  
 But the New-Voes are going to do things, themselves.  
 In fact, they have laid colossal plans.  
 They have engaged countless secretaries, butlers, foot-  
 men, chauffeurs, valets, maids, and whatnot.  
 They have arranged matters with every headwaiter in  
 town.  
 And with several of the best-known bootleggers.  
 They are going to do things up brown.  
 They are going to make a big splash.  
 Everybody's going to hear about the New-Voes.  
 And everybody's going to their parties.  
 They may say catty things about them afterward, but  
 they'll all go.

You say you don't know the New-Voes?  
 Well, you will.

C. G. S.



"I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GET THAT BRAKE FIXED. IT  
 DOESN'T SEEM TO WORK THE WAY IT SHOULD."

MANY people never realize what a delightful place  
 home is till they take a vacation there.



## The Poet's Corner

By Beatrice Herford

Place: Any corner below 14th Street.  
 Time: Between the supper dishes and daylight.  
 Characters: Michael Newverse and his wife,  
 Pearl Mustime.



"LAST  
 NIGHT  
 I  
 WORE  
 MY  
 BEADS  
 TO  
 BED"

MICHAEL (*impatiently*): I wish you'd stop rattling those dishes.

PEARL (*from the Kitchenette*): I'm hurrying to get to my poem.

MICHAEL: I didn't know you had begun one.

PEARL: Why, yes, dear, I told you it came to me in the middle of the steak-to-night.

MICHAEL: I don't like those rare steaks,—and another thing, I wish you'd get this poetry idea out of your head.

PEARL: Why, darling, I kept my own name because I wanted to go on writing.

MICHAEL: My dear child, you surely don't call making Baking Powder advertisements, writing!

PEARL: Of course I didn't mean to keep on writing verses for the Baking Powder, I expected to rise from that.

MICHAEL: Well, sometimes, I'm sorry you did keep your own name, it isn't very pleasant to be known as the man who married the Baking Powder girl, it's not very poetic.

PEARL: But darling, isn't it rather wonderful to think that my verses go out like a message to millions of housewives all over the country? And after all, they did rhyme, which yours never do.

MICHAEL: How many times have I tried to

make you understand that the beauty in the poetry now is that you don't have to rhyme if you don't want to—in fact they think more of it if it doesn't rhyme.

PEARL: Yes, I know, it's rhyming that I have to fight against. You see, I've got so in the habit of thinking over and over, Powder, Chowder, Lowder, Crowder—and it isn't like your poems, where you can rhyme and yet not rhyme, as it were—like that lovely poem of yours where you had God at the end of one line, and Toad at the end of the next, and I never know which to say, "Gode" or "Todd."

MICHAEL (*with a groan*): I'm glad you kept your own name, darling.

PEARL: Well, of course if I find I don't amount to anything, I may take yours after all—because it does make it simpler in lots of ways.

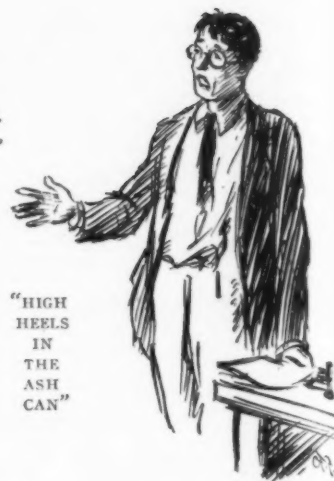
MICHAEL: How, darling?

PEARL: Take the laundry—

MICHAEL: I thought they fetched it.

PEARL: I'm taking the laundry as an example.

MICHAEL: Well, you couldn't have a worse one! By the way, I shall



"HIGH  
 HEELS  
 IN  
 THE  
 ASH  
 CAN"

want my shirt front for that author's reading to-morrow night.

PEARL (*coming out of the Kitchenette and clinging to the doorway*): Oh! Michael, how can you ever forgive me—I sent your shirt front to the laundry this morning—I thought the author's reading was next week—but why wear a shirt front, lots of them don't, I think Never Lucid and Lawrence Bareneck look lovely in those soft collars and flowing ties.

MICHAEL: Oh, those chaps could make them sit up in their pajamas, my idea is to look like a banker and surprise them.

PEARL (*taking heart*): Well, I'll try and get your shirt back, I mean shirt front—back for to-morrow.

MICHAEL: You'll have to—and if you've finished those dishes, I'd like to say over the poem I'm going to read.

PEARL: All right, dear, I'm all through with the dishes and the sink can wait for your poem. (*She leans against the doorway of the Kitchenette, and gazes in rapture at Michael and beyond to the bedroom where their child, Innovation, is sleeping.*)

MICHAEL: I'm going to paste my new poem into this volume. It looks better to read from one's book. (*He puts the typewritten slip into the*

(Continued on page 31)



"MY POET!"



JOHN BAYNE  
23

IMPRESSIONS OF A POLICEMAN DIVERTING TRAFFIC



"JUST A MINUTE, WAITER. I DON'T THINK YOU'VE MULTIPLIED THE CHECK CORRECTLY."

## History Revamps

(Extracts from the Campaign Speeches of Henry Ford)

"IN the words of the great Abraham Lincoln, in his speech at the dedication of Bunker Hill monument, 'Give me liberty, or give me death.'"

"When he uttered the bold and impudent defiance, 'A little more grape, Captain Bragg,' Governor Smith of New York sanctioned the nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment."

"Let us go for our patriotic inspiration to that dreadful winter at Forge Valley, Vermont, when the immortal Washington said to his Rough Riders, 'Don't flinch, don't foul, but hit the line hard.'"

"American history records no more inspiring utterance than that of Theodore Roosevelt at the battle of Gettysburg. Turning to his chief of staff, he said, 'You may fire when you are ready, Gridley.'"

"In all our early annals, nothing so thrills me with a patriot's pride as does the thought of Winfield Scott Key, lashed to the rigging at the storming of Fort Sumter, and writing the words and music of our great national anthem, 'John Brown's Body Lies a-Mould'-ring in the Grave.'"

A. H. Folwell.

**FIRST INEBRIATE:** I spent las' Sunday in—

**SECOND DITTO:** Whassat! Las' Sunday's my birthday. Mine!—y' understand? What right you got t' spend it?

**T**HE school of experience grants no holidays.

## For a Bright Child

SOME grown-ups have a nasty way Of spelling what they want to say

So listening children can't find out Just what it is they talk about. If you are ever bothered thus, Try this:—and they'll be furious.

In case the speller is a she, Say loudly to her "C-A-T!" If it's a he, then simply spell Straight to his face "F-O-O-L." This will show everyone that you Know lots more than they think you do. G. K. D.

## One Agrees

IT was recently rumored at Washington that one nation had declared its willingness to accede to the proposal of Secretary of State Hughes that the three-mile limit be extended to twelve miles, in connection with the searching of vessels for rum. It

now develops, unofficially but on good authority, that it is Switzerland that is thus willing to have its large fleet of sea-faring vessels subject to this new regulation.

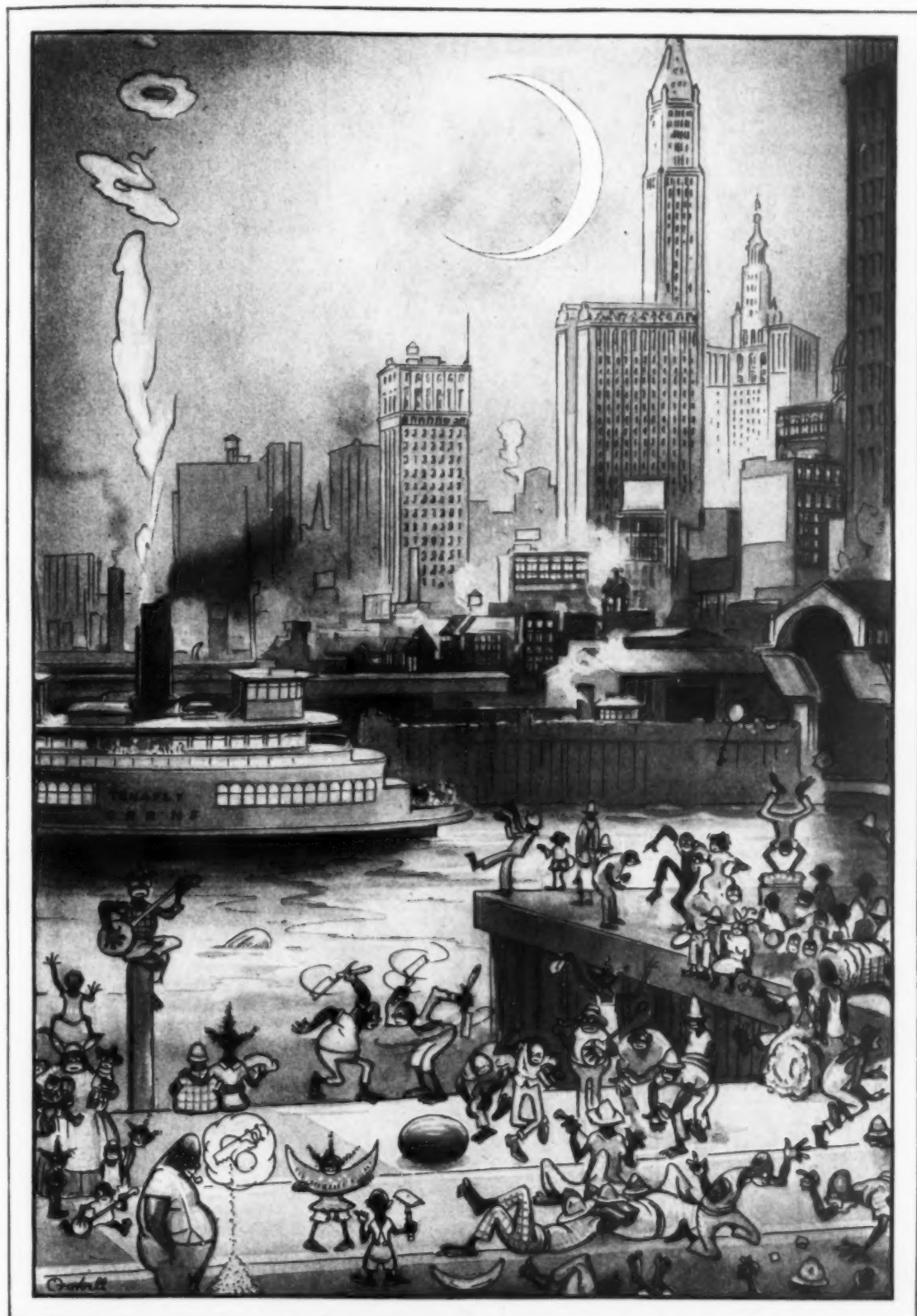


JOHAN BULL

## HIS LIMIT

**Wife:** HOW MANY CIGARS A DAY ARE YOU SMOKING NOW?  
**Husband:** OH, JUST ENOUGH TO SHOW THE DOCTOR HIS ADVICE WAS WRONG.





DOWN ON THE DESBROSSES STREET LEVEE  
WHAT MAY HAPPEN IF THE EXODUS OF COLORED LABOR FROM THE SOUTH CONTINUES

## A Nightmare in Suburbia

I STOOD in the Grand Central a few moments ruefully watching the tail lights of my last train disappearing in the distant tunnel and then I turned toward the taxi stand.

The grizzled old fellow at the wheel took an extra hitch in his overalls, applied the pitchfork to his lawn mower as I took the seat beside him, and we were off. My discomfort was supreme but, of course, I consoled myself, one can't expect a cushion made of scythes and sickles to be a soothing place of rest. Even as it was I began to doze off, but the frantic ringing of my driver's alarm clocks brought me to with a start and I discovered we were stranded in the midst of a bed of flowers that changed, chameleon-like, into weeds before my very eyes.

I would have plucked them all, too, if the farmer's vicious dogs hadn't interfered, and as I stumbled off across the meadows I came a cropper and fell prone in the midst of a vast area of tomato cans. They sank quickly from under me, however; it was raining blindingly and the water seeping through the crevices in the roof made huge holes in the lawn. As



DRAMATIC CRITICISM

I sank into one and was rapidly disappearing from view a neighbor came along just in time to borrow two pounds of sugar, which I, happily enough, was unable to lend him.

My neighbor's children meantime

fell madly to pulling up my vegetable garden, and I might have been able to stop them, too, before they picked the last radish, if my morning train hadn't been whistling in the distance. I made better time to the station, arriving barely a second too late to catch the last car as it rushed past me.

Philosophically, I hailed another lawn mower and—eh? It's seven o'clock? Holy cats! Why didn't you waken me sooner, Martha? I'll never be able to get that 7:36 now!

L. A. M.

## Hints for Young Brides

NEVER roast a chicken without first substituting other filling.

Cakes left in the oven for more than half a day are apt to become darker than you would wish. The best way is to consult the cook book and lay aside "Black Oxen."

One box of baking powder is plenty for a cake unless you have a very large oven.

Count seven before you put your second handful of salt in the soup. Husbands appreciate this.

The quickest way to wash dishes is to call your husband.

"DOBBS has a passion for golf."  
"Yes—I've heard him in it."



The Zebra: GOSH! WOULDN'T I HATE TO BE AS CONSPICUOUS AS THAT LEOPARD'S SPOTS MAKE HER!



Mr. Jones: WHAT CONCLUSION HAVE YOU REACHED, MRS. DE VORCE SAYE, REGARDING THE FRENCH IMBROGLIO?

Mrs. D. V. S.: WELL, IT COSTS MORE IN PARIS THAN IN RENO, BUT YOU SAVE TIME.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

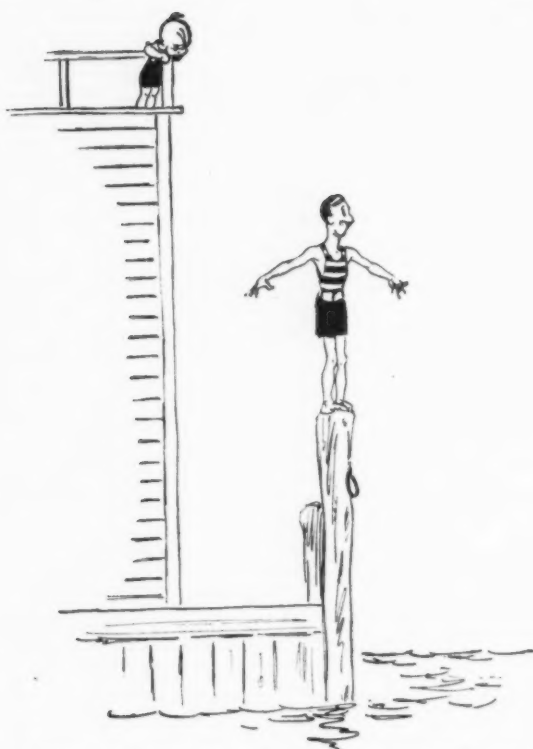
**August 2nd** Awake betimes, telling Samuel of how I had dreamed of everybody I knew save him, and he, to my amazement, apparently disgruntled at his exclusion until I convinced him, by invoking our modern psychologists, that it was a compliment. And forasmuch as the autumn will soon be upon us and I have not overdrawn my accounts since early spring, I did work the conversation around to silver foxes, an adroit proceeding in view of the day's heat. I know not if aught will come of it, but the seed hath been planted, and I shall attend diligently to its watering.... Lydia Loomis and her daughter to luncheon with me, thirty minutes after the appointed hour. And I did mark again how delinquent guests invariably criticize *your* time-pieces, never their own. The child, though scarce eighteen, did lead the conversation throughout the meal, and did confide to me afterwards that she meant to forswear smoking the coming week in order to convince her parent of her ability to do so. Lord! had Lydia or I displayed

such manners and customs we should now, through parental intervention, be members of a cloistered sisterhood.

**August 3rd** After luncheon to bid farewell to Agnes Hines and found her all a-twitter over getting her trunks off against her departure for Europe on the morrow. And after the chauffeur had left for the boat with the luggage, we fell to Russian Bank, I winning every game through the most amazing good fortune that ever I had in my life. But it stopped for the day with the sport, for when I came to leave, it turned out that Agnes' maid, the zany, had packed the black silken cape I had brought over my arm, in a trunk marked for the hold, too. And shortly afterwards, when my servant Emilie had dampened my hair and adjusted the combs for a water-wave, our drier gave way at the outset, nor could we get an electrician at such an hour, so there I sat in a helpless frenzy, fearful of how I should look later on the Ritz roof. And Sam, coming in,

(Continued on page 30)

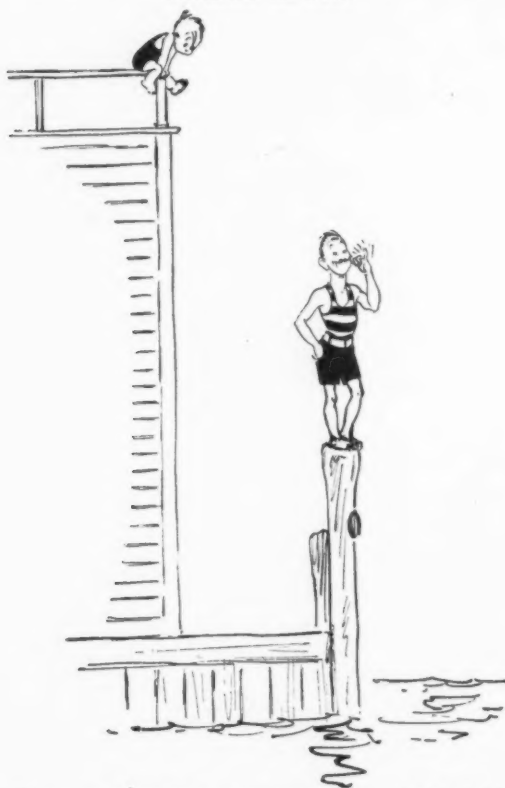




*Diver:* AH! JUST AS I EXPECTED. ALL THE GIRLS ARE WATCHING ME NOW.



*Skippy:* WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO DIVE, MISTER?  
"VERY SOON, MY BOY, VERY SOON."



*Diver:* IT MUST BE A GREAT TREAT FOR THE SMALL BOY WHEN HE SEES A MAN DIVE FROM THIS PILE.



*Skippy:* I CAN'T WAIT FOR HIM ALL DAY!

## Deus ex Machina

MY DeaR?

I purchaxed just today  
a Typewriter, and so I Write  
To say that I still feel that way—  
I love you, darling, day and night/

MY DAER, I Wish that you were  
' here,  
oR else, my dar ling, i were there,  
For IHAVELOTS to tellyou, dea4,  
That fargile paper cannot bear/

KISSES MY DEAR DO NOT DE  
LIGHT,  
When pressed on unresp on sive  
paper?  
I can't believe a man is right  
To even think of such a caper,

No, I will wait till you are here,  
And I CAN tell you all I would—  
I loev no one but you, my daer,  
I love you always as I SHOLUD.

I write upon this new machine  
Becuase my penmanship is bad////  
Just look at the perverse old thing."  
Disfiguring every thought I (ve  
had!

Give me old-fashioned, hand-made  
loev—

New-style machien-love doesn't go)  
You know the kind I & m thinking of  
While loving you

As ever,  
JoE.

## A Rejection Slip for Wedding Gifts

MR. and Mrs. Jones regret having to return the accompanying wedding present. In doing so, they wish to thank the giver for submitting it and to express the hope that other manifestations of friendship will hereafter be forthcoming from the same person. The Joneses feel sure that the recipient of this will understand, where so many wedding gifts have been received and where the space in the Joneses' flat is necessarily so limited, only those can be retained which are peculiarly suited to their needs.

"MY dear," complained the 1923-model husband when dinner was over, "why can't you go to as good a delicatessen store as Mother used to go to?"



Disgusted Tyro: I'M THROUGH—YOU CAN HAVE THOSE CURSED CLUBS, BOY!  
I GIVE THEM TO YOU! THEY'RE YOURS—D'YE UNDERSTAND?  
Caddie: YESSIR. THAT'LL BE FOUR-FIFTY, SIR, FOR THE ONE YOU BUSTED.

## Facts from the Russian

AFTER many months' exposure to the Russian-restaurant epidemic, now raging in most of our larger cities, the National Association of Diners-Out Who Will Try Anything Once has reached the following conclusions:

That soup made of beets, stock, cabbage and sour cream is called Bortsch.

That soup made of beets, stock, sour cream and cabbage is called Bortsch Muscovite.

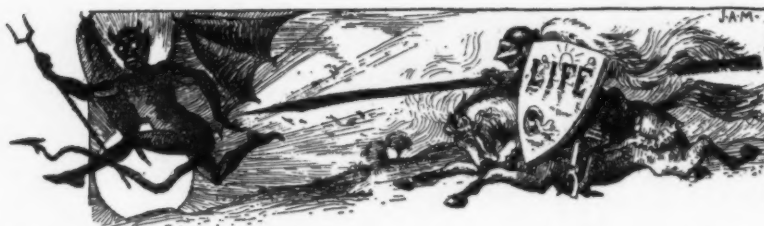
That soup made of cabbage, sour cream, beets and stock is called Bortsch Poltasky.

That of the 15,000 former generals of the former Czar's former army, approximately 14,998 are operating Russian restaurants in America.

That the chief difference between Imported Russian caviar (black) and Imperial Russian caviar (gray) is about \$1 a portion.

That in all cases the waitress at the table on your immediate right is or used to be a real Russian princess, whereas the waitress at your table is just an ordinary everyday countess.

That the conventional ten per cent. tip in American money cannot be successfully translated into Russian.



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*"While there is Life there's Hope"*Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, Pres't.

LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

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English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



people after liberty, self-government, knowledge, progress, and such things. The physical job is to keep them alive while they are pursuing these ambitions. The demand for experts in these employments varies according to circumstances. When the physical state of people gets pretty low so that they are uncomfortable in body, they want somebody that gives promise of improving it, such as Mussolini in Italy. When they wax a little fatter and can kick a little more, they want to boss their own concerns again and have their own way, and echo Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death."

The very newest case of these emotions finds its expression in the request of the Filipino legislature to have General Wood recalled. We all know General Wood as an excellent administrator, a man of energy and well qualified to safeguard the public health and to see that public officials do their duty. But possibly he is a better man to satisfy physical needs than spiritual ones. Some of the Filipinos complain that he has interfered with their guaranteed right to as much self-government as they can manage, and, as said, they want him recalled. They had better have patience. In all material things they are likely to get excellent government out of General Wood. In concerns of political sentiment they may be temporarily baffled, but it does not take a seventh son to advise them that General Wood is likely to last through the present

administration as Governor of the Philippines, and that they will do well to get along with him until the political cat has jumped once more. Nothing is going to happen by act of Mr. Harding, that can be put off until after election next year. The appointment of General Wood to the Philippines was popular, and his recall would not be popular unless based on better reasons than have shown up yet.



THERE is much the same sort of conflict between physical and spiritual needs in France. The mind of the Poincaré administration dwells almost altogether on physical things; on the physical needs of France—reparations and security. But two or three months ago a monument was dedicated at Carmaux to Jean Jaures, the great French socialist leader who was assassinated on the eve of the great war. He represented a different mind from Poincaré's, the mind of the French liberals, of whom we do not hear much nowadays, but in whose existence many observers find the best hope for France. In his argument for physical things M. Poincaré makes an excellent case and makes it very ably. France ought to get certain things from Germany and he tells what they are, but where he falls down is in the lack of due provision for the Germans. The Germans too must live. The present French Government entirely avoids responsibility for their continued existence. Of course that is natural enough for Poincaré as an advocate arguing the case for his side, but England knows that the Germans must live and tries to provide that they shall. Europe can never be settled, the issue between

France and Germany can never be settled, on a merely physical basis. Back of whatever arrangement they are able to make there must be a new spirit, the spirit of Jaures when he said five years before the war, "I have faith in the possibility of a European Peace Congress; I have faith in the possibility of a rapprochement between France, England, and Germany."

No doubt England and France will hang together until they wrangle out some kind of arrangement that will bring the French in some money, appease their apprehensions, and provide that the Germans shall not perish and that the cost of war preparations for all countries shall be reduced. They will have a hard time to reach any arrangement that is even temporarily satisfactory without the co-operation of the United States. In the end they will get that co-operation and perhaps some day the debts of Europe to America may be revised and readjusted as have been or will be the debts of European nations to one another. But the immediate tangle must apparently be straightened out without that aid. The case for readjusting those debts is just another case of something that can't be done until the voters of the United States have given power to someone who wants to do it.



THE farmers are getting to be very interesting, especially since they elected Magnus Johnson in Minnesota, and the spiritual and physical motives may combine to make them a force in shaping the foreign policy of the United States. The churches are strong in the West and so far as helping Europe goes, the churches and their people have a good spirit. With wheat below a dollar it is no longer necessary to tell the farmers that they have an interest in having the buying capacity of Europe revived. One hears that the Kansas City *Star* assures them that the lesson of Minnesota is Keep out of Europe! but that (if true) may be because William R. Nelson is still dead, or because the *Star*, living in Missouri, has become infected with microbes from Jim Reed. Anybody that aims to keep Uncle Sam isolated for fear his farmers will sell wheat to Europe



has a fairly heavy job on his hands. So the next election is going to be mighty interesting, and it does not take a very violent optimist to feel that another eighteen months will bring changes of sentiment and policy that will be helpful to the world.



COAL also is getting pretty interesting, the prospects for anthracite being not any too much better than they were last year. New England in particular has the anthracite habit and does not see how it is to be supplied. It is very much in favor of having something effective done to bring anthracite and its consumers into more practical relations.

Anthracite is a physical problem with the consumers and a more or less spiritual problem with the miners and their unions, and both ends of it have got somehow to be solved. A possible expedient would be to call an extra session of Congress to put in force the recommendation of the Federal Coal Commission to grant emergency powers to the President in case production lags too much. But an extra session does not look good to Mr. Harding. Too much would be wanted from it—an amendment of the Volstead law that would relieve us of the embarrassment of taking stimulants out of foreign ships, and some kind of legislation to help the farmers, which does not look practicable. Between the ills that Mr. Harding knows and those that might rise out of a special session, the chances seem to be that he will stand pat.

We must not forget that our President is by profession a newspaper editor and writer, and that his training has been to feel that when he has written the best piece he could discussing a situation, and published it, he has done the whole of his duty to that situation. But that isn't always enough to cure a situation, though it may help to sell a paper. The newly chosen Senator from Minnesota is a new sort. He comes recommended as a man who cannot express himself in the English language and it is a sort of recommendation in so far as it implies a man whose energy does not all run to words. But the new Senator has words enough. He is by no means inarticulate.

VILLA is dead, an interesting character who filled a great deal of newspaper space in his day, and kept us all speculating about his qualities. He had engaging traits, but was difficult, coy, and apt to kill folks. He killed a good many in his time. Doubtless some of them needed it, but probably not all. He also stole a good deal, and one does not recall any of the Ten Commandments that he regarded, but he was interesting, and interesting people are scarce, and anybody who wants to mourn for him should be allowed to do it in moderation. But if, as reported, he left five widows, and returns not all in yet,

the mourning will probably be attended to.

THE Springfield Republican deprecates rum-running in the Arctic as prejudicial to the Eskimos, "an interesting and unique people who are in danger of perishing through contact with the vices of civilization."

Well, to be sure, but what about us who are partly immune from the vices of civilization because we have kept in contact with them? The *Republican* sits up nights to destroy our dear-bought immunity. Has it no qualms about that?

E. S. Martin.



POOR ROBINSON CRUSOE









### What Milady Will Wear

"THE FASHIONS OF 1924" is "an authoritative forecast of the coming season by the foremost couturières and designers of America." All that we remember of it is that Jimmy Hussey is one of the great masters of Jewish dialect of all time, not even excepting Moses.

The exhibition is planned to show off several gross of afternoon and evening gowns, with snatches of comedy and dancing thrown in now and then to take the sting off. It opens with one of those little symbolic things showing the really beautiful side of dressmaking. We haven't the program at hand, but as we remember the printed synopsis it ran something like this:



"INTO the enchanted garden comes Lorné, a whimsical playfellow, whose tiny existence is spent in a world of romance. In a spirit of fun he conjures up the precious Mysteries of Milady's gown, such as Needle, Thread, Pincushion, Hook, Eye, Gimp, Butterick Pattern, Bertha, Placket and Card of Wil-snaps. As they dance one by one around him, he dances too, and becomes so excited that he falls dead, a sacrifice to Beauty. (*Sport Hats by Simone—Bouvet and Cupid Hat Co. Wil-snaps by Notion Counter, Franklin Simon.*)"



THIS being a fashion-show, the credit lines after the characters' names, instead of reading "By arrangement with David Belasco" or "Kindness of Wm. A. Brady," explain who made the gown or shoes under inspection. Thus we have:

LOUISE WAINWRIGHT .... Edith Taliaferro  
(Frances Gown)

HELENE HARVEY ..... Carlotta Monterey  
(Harry Collins Gown)

They were not so frank about the comedy sketches, however; otherwise there would have been lines reading: "Underneath the Table" (*Follies of 1923*). "Sweethearts" (*High-Jinks Club of Springfield, Mass., Ladies' Night*). "When the Cat's Away" (*Music Box Revue, 1922*). "The Walker Law" (*Columbia Burlesque, 1921, and the Passing Show of 1922*).

Or perhaps just one general credit line for nine-tenths of the comedy: (*The Eureka Vegetable Co.*).

TO all of this must be made the outstanding exception of Jimmy Hussey. Whether participating in a sketch of familiar mould or standing alone with a song down in the foots, the extraordinary personality and genius of this slender comedian transform the whole thing into a work of art. To feel the intensity with which he grips his audience as he stands there singing, quiet, slow and motionless, is a lesson in magnetism which it would be useless to attempt to learn. You either have it to start with, or you haven't. The Jewish-American words which he bites out are, syllable by syllable, individual *bijour* of mimicry, each showing as much care and polishing in its preparation as the stones in a jeweler's tray. And this is all the more remarkable if, as we understand, Mr. Hussey is Irish.

It is unfortunate that any favorable appraisal of a comedian must sound as academic as that which we have written above. It reads like an article for the *New Republic* on "A Few Aspects of the Art of James Hussey." And all we meant to convey was that he is very funny—and something else.



AS a matter of fact, on thinking back over the summer shows, we find that we have laughed out loud a great many more times than you would think possible to look at us. We have complained a great deal in the past about the lack of funny men in musical shows. And yet spies sent out by the managers to watch us report that since June we have been caught laughing at Joe Cook, J. Frank Leslie, and numberless assistants in "The Vanities"; Roy Cunningham, George Bickle and George Jessel in "The Passing Show"; Eddie Cantor in "The Follies"; Charles Lawrence and Tom Lewis in "Helen of Troy, N. Y." (Mr. Lewis's speech to the Board of Directors is something in a class by itself); Tom Patricola, Johnny Dooley and Lester Allen in "The Scandals" (not so loud, perhaps, but clearly distinguishable from the spy's ambush), and, in spite of their terrible material, an occasional furtive giggle at Richard Carle and Billy B. Van in "Adrienne."



THIS is a disgraceful record for a play-reviewer and no one is more chagrined at it than we are. On the evidence, we are nothing but a laughing fool. You might think that we paid for our seats.

Robert C. Benchley.





THE WILL O' THE WASP  
WASP WAISTS ARE COMING BACK—*Fashion Note.*

## Confidential Guide More or Less Serious

**The Fool.** *Times Square*—Religion brought up-to-date with the aid of grease-paint. Good morality but cheap theatre.  
**Rain.** *Marine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels as the prostitute who converted a preacher. A bitter and powerful play.  
**Seventh Heaven.** *Booth*—Papier-maché drama with acting by Helen Menken.  
**Sun Up.** *Provincetown*—Sincere portrayal of back-woods types under the barely noticeable stress of emotion.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—America's favorite comedy. God forbid.  
**Aren't We All.** *Gaiety*—Cyril Maude in something light and pleasant.  
**The Devil's Disciple.** *Garrick*—Part conventional Revolutionary drama, turning to delightful Shaw towards the end.  
**Merton of the Movies.** *Cort*—Glenn Hunter as the appealing hero who couldn't avoid success.  
**Two Fellows and a Girl.** *Vanderbilt*—To be reviewed next week.  
**Zander the Great.** *Empire*—Alice Brady in virile Western stuff and bootlegging.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Adrienne.** *George M. Cohan's*—Richard Carle and Billy B. Van in regulation material, with Vivienne Segal singing.  
**Dew Drop Inn.** *Astor*—Back to town after a short vacation, with Jim Barton as the excuse.  
**Fashions of 1924.** *Lyceum*—Reviewed in this issue.  
**Helen of Troy.** *N. Y. Selwyn*—Good entertainment, "glorifying the American laundry."  
**Music Box Revue.** *Music Box*—Last season's bill still good enough to last through the hot wave.  
**Passing Show of 1923.** *Winter Garden*—The Winter Garden's best.  
**Scandals of 1923.** *Globe*—George White's trouhadours in an eye-ful.  
**Vanities of 1923.** *Earl Carroll*—Joe Cook and others in a general good time. Peggy Hopkins Joyce has several entrances.  
**Wildflower.** *Casino*—Edith Day singing some of the best music in town.  
**Ziegfeld Follies.** *New Amsterdam*—Most of last year's show, except Will Rogers, with Eddie Cantor and Ann Pennington in addition.

## The Cosmopolite

EVERY night he journeyed to the fashionable restaurant—the resort of the *beau monde*, of the smart, of the chic. A table in the corner was always his. Now and then a new face would appear, but as a rule he knew them all. Moreover, he usually knew precisely what they would say. The story was an old one to him, and it was with difficulty that he concealed his look of boredom. When the last of the gathering had departed, he would pass through the kitchen, change his clothes, and be at liberty until it was time to report for lunch the following day.

GOLFER: Doctor, you remember you recommended golf to take my mind off my work?

DOCTOR: Yes.

"Well, can you prescribe something now to get it back again?"

## Some Political Definitions

**OLIGARCHY:** The government of the many by the few, selected by themselves.

**Democracy:** The government of the many by the few, selected by each other.

**King:** A man who is permitted to sign laws after others have made them. He can be deposed at any time.

**President:** A man who is permitted to sign laws after others have made them. He must be kept for at least four years.

**Senate, House of Representatives, Chamber of Deputies, Houses of Parliament, etc.:** Rest-rooms.

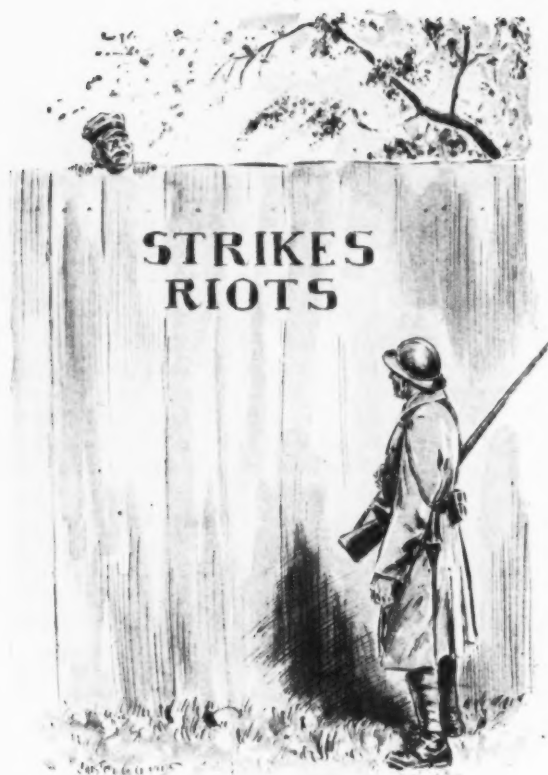
**Vice-presidency:** Potter's Field.

**Supreme Court:** A tribunal composed of two jurists and seven men who know the word "injunction."

"Is your mistress at home?"  
"This is her afternoon out."



JAZZ



DER SPITE FENCE

## Why Eat?

*At the recent convention of the American Medical Association in San Francisco, Dr. C. D. Spivak told the delegates that two meals a day for men of middle age were ample.*

**MR. Commuter:** A great idea! I move we do away with breakfast. Sans the morning repast I could lie in bed until 7:46 anyway and still make the 8:09 easily. Without breakfast to worry me, I could get in the morning shave on a minimum of two cuts and one gash. You bet I'll climb on the two-meal band wagon.

**Mr. Office Manager:** Remove luncheon from our daily schedule and you have solved the greatest problem that confronts office managers to-day. Luncheon begins in the average firm at 11:30 and dribbles along until 3:30 or 4 in the afternoon. Gradually this fool institution of eating lunch is making serious threats at the efficiency of American business. I welcome its complete abolition.

**Mrs. Housewife:** Three hips and a hurrah! Cross off dinner. Then I won't have to get up in the middle of an afternoon party and dash home to put the potatoes on. Perhaps I can see a few movies through to their natural finish, too. Away with dinner and the nightly stack of dishes. We will make better wives and mothers for our country when that is accomplished.

And now that the three meals a day are disposed of, suggestions are in order for a reservation permitting unrestricted nibbling.

## Wanted: A Better Superlative

**N**OW that every taxi sports the sign, "Lowest Rates," it will soon become necessary to invent some more emphatic designation of cheapness of price, such as:

POSITIVELY LOWEST RATE

or

REALLY AND TRULY LOWEST RATE

or

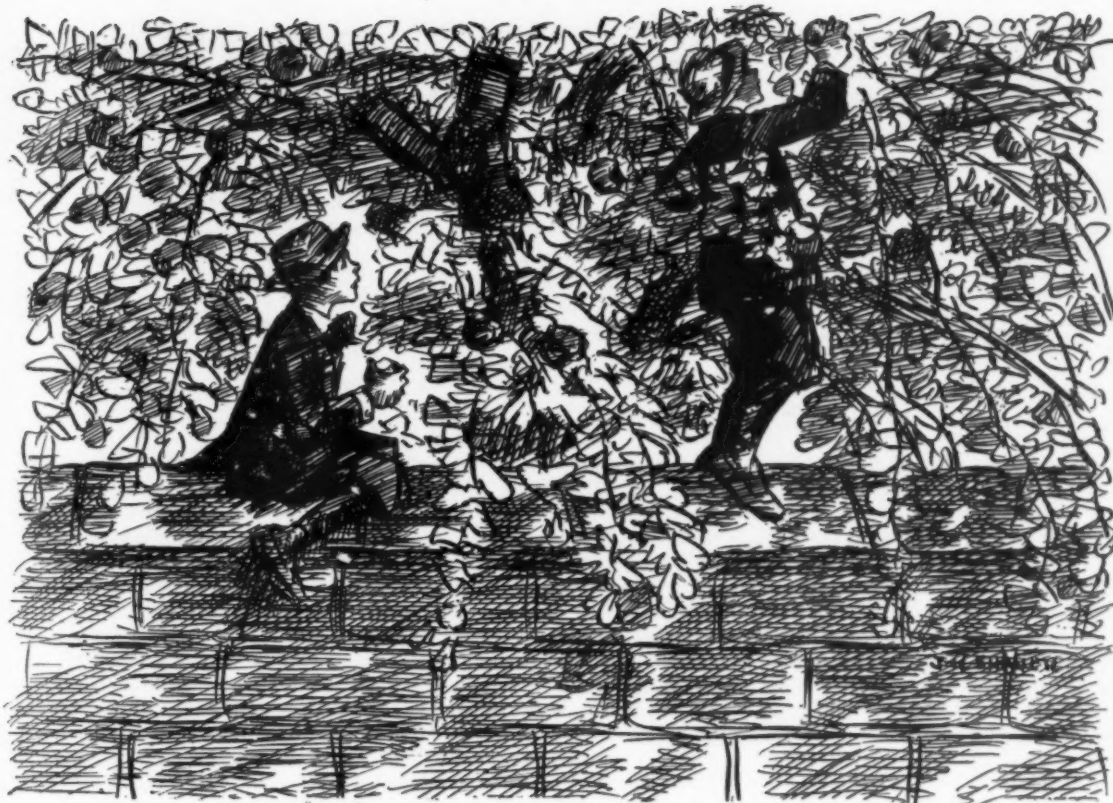
CROSS-MY-HEART-&-HOPE-TO-DIE  
LOWEST RATE

or, best of all,

OUR LOWEST RATES POSITIVELY LOWER  
THAN ALL OTHER LOWEST RATES!



**Willie:** OH, PAPA, SEE THE DOG COMIN' DOWN THE STREET IN PARENTHESES.



"WE'D BETTER HURRY UP, BILLY, OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL."

### My Husband Says

THAT he thinks it remarkable that I could look out on blinding snowstorms last winter and plan a summer wardrobe. But I just loved to think of the cool things I'd wear on bitterly hot days this summer. Of course, one wouldn't tell about the lines of one's *best* things, but *everybody* knows one simply can't have too many gingham and things that will tub.

My husband says he'd like to wear a gingham suit if he could get away with it. But he says the law discriminates against men in the matter of dress.

He says there was a time in the history of this country when men wore "heavies" and in those days they had something to leave off in hot weather. But he says that work is the only thing he could leave off that would have a cooling effect, and on account of the income tax and all the things that I really *need* he can't see his way clear to leaving that off for some time.

I'm awfully sorry for him, and I think it's simply inhuman for ladies to go away for the entire season and leave their poor husbands to struggle alone.

So I've decided to stay at home all summer. He says he'd much prefer to have me go to some nice cool place, and he thinks the change would be so restful. But I was cool all last winter and I didn't care much for it, and I think it would be perfectly heavenly to pack dainty sandwiches and things in a fitted lunch basket and motor off to some woodsy place to picnic with him. But he says he hates fitted lunch baskets because they are so full of fittings there is no room for anything to eat. And he hates

bugs. But I don't mind them at all. I think some bugs are stunning and so interesting in their habits.

He says we'd have to motor a thousand miles to find a place unsullied by paper plates, napkins and other debris left by those who had eaten before. I think it's awfully mean for people to leave such ugly things to mar the beauty of the roadside. But *we* always use the fluted paper plates and napkins with borders in priceless colors, and I always arrange them as artistically as I can when we leave them.

L. Blanche Simpson.



SUNBURNED ON HIS WEAK END





G. S. KAUFMAN

I APPROACHED Freeman Tilden's "Mr. Podd" (Macmillan) with a good deal of prejudice against it. The editor had called my attention to it some time before, and every time I met him subsequently he asked me if I had read it yet, and as I hadn't, the situation was a little embarrassing. What could account for such an interest on his part? I began to think that possibly one of his relatives had written it. I even harbored the suspicion that he himself had written it under a *nom de plume* until pictures of Mr. Tilden in the newspapers convinced me that I was up against no such literary hoax. Well, to save space (which is journalese for "to make a long story short"), let me confess that although my entrance into the pages of "Mr. Podd" was glum enough, I exited from them laughingly.

The book is a pleasant satire on faddists and ignorant idealism. Mr. Podd, a rich nozzle manufacturer, disappointed that his book on "The International Commonwealth and the Brotherhood of Nations" did not prove a best seller, charters a boat to tour the world for the purpose of spreading his gospel.

With him go his daughter, his secretary, and eight assorted pilgrims chosen solely on their letter-writing ability. This naive principle of selection nets a child welfare expert (plus a twelve-year-old living refutation of her theories), a bankrupt restaurateur, a walking delegate, an adolescent half-wit, an insurgent clergyman, a Tennessee poetess, a diet fanatic and a *nymph du pœve*. The mutiny of the crew lands them all on a desert island. Mr. Tilden brews some excellent foolery from such a stock, although I cannot forgive him for the romantic seasoning. I feel bound to tell you, in

conclusion, that every word uttered by the diet fanatic struck me as nothing but the truth, and that the experience of the stranded pilgrims would indicate that matches and tobacco are more important on a desert island than reading matter.

THE reviewer's lot is no happier than the policeman's, and it is seldom that he closes a book with the desire to put on his hat and go out and beat a drum for it. That, however, is just the way I feel about "Piracy," by Michael Arlen (Collins, London). It's all about a tall young Englishman and three ladies who are no better than they should be, but it's delightfully done and full of sparkling comment and conversation. There is only one banal character,

and he is introduced, I am sure, with malice aforethought, for whenever he drops such a platitude as "Familiarity breeds contempt," somebody pops up with the retort that it takes a certain amount of familiarity to breed anything.

"Piracy" also has a moral—the reverse twist on one of our oldest household sayings. It is: A woman generally goes back to her husband in the long run.

GINA LOMBROSO, gifted daughter of a celebrated sire, thinks her sex is in a bad way and has elaborated her theories on the subject in an interesting book entitled "The Soul of Woman" (Dutton). Lucy Stone Leaguers will probably, upon finishing it, stamp their feet and fling it across the room. Because the signorina believes firmly that woman has never sunk so low as when she began to imitate man, and takes a frightful crack at the Ibsenian literature for putting such notions into her head. "Back to the home!" is her story,

and oh, how she does stick to it! The whole point, according to the new voice, is that woman is an *altero-centrist*, which, being interpreted, is that she centers her feelings and ambitions in something outside herself. Man, on the other hand, is an *egocentrist*, revolving entirely on his own orbit. A child in the third grade could draw the conclusion from these two premises. Namely, a poor deal for the ladies. Except, of course, for those who happen to be protected by inherent selfishness.

My own inherent selfishness having taken its thirty-third degree, I am personally unaffected by what Dr. Lombroso has to say. I agree with her that woman's prime consideration is to love and be loved, and I have always had a sneaking suspicion, with the poet, that home-keeping hearts are happiest. But the laying-down of general laws is a difficult proposition when individual reactions are so numerous, and an 1850 feminist point of view lines up with the economics of the Sermon on the Mount when it is blanketed upon contemporaneous conditions.

It is too bad that Dr. Lombroso confuses sentimentalism and romanticism. "Sentimentalism is therefore a distinct quality of woman," she says. It is not! Man is the great sentimentalist. If you don't believe me, read H. L. Mencken's "In Defense of Women." There's a book for you!

But when all is said and done—and there is, unfortunately, so much more talk than action—it strikes me that in a society such as Meredith describes, "where ideas are current and perceptions quick," the difference between the sexes is largely biological.

Diana Warwick.

Sketches  
by  
Roland Young

PERCY HAMMOND

WALTER  
PRICHARD  
EATON

ROYAL CORTISSOZ



## The New Deities

HAIL, Phoebe! Mistress of the changing dice,  
Whose smiles I pray, as far my fortunes race;  
And Juniper with presents that suffice,  
In Gordon bottles, Volstead to efface.  
On Nymphian Heights, Flappina sets her throne,  
Short-haired and slender as the Summer wheat.  
Glandulus walks the shaded paths alone,  
Unless a chicken chances down the street.

Two-headed Jazzus, shaking as the trees,  
And Freudia, who explains the hidden ways,  
Olympus never knew such gods as these;  
And Rome had not such deities to praise  
As Flivvia, who has Mercury outsped,  
Or Cultus, solemn ruler of the dead.

James K. McGuinness.

## Whyness of the Scarcity

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Replying to an inquiry from LIFE's special correspondent, Senator Smoot said to-day:

"The deplorable lack of bananas is entirely due to the failure of Congress to protect by adequate tariff duties the infant banana-growing industry of Utah and Vermont, against the competition of the pauper-labor products of Costa Rica and Jamaica.

Juneau, Alaska.—As a result of the recent Presidential visit, when it was discovered that this Territory was wholly lacking in the favorite breakfast fruit of the distinguished visitors, the U. S. Department of Agriculture has made an appropriation of \$100,000 for destroying the small red insects that have hitherto seriously impeded banana growing in the Yukon Valley.



Late Defendant in Breach of Promise Suit: BY JOVE, I WISH I'D WRITTEN MY LOVE LETTERS THAT WAY.

Detroit, Mich.—In an interview issued through his third deputy-assistant secretary, Henry Ford said: "It is true that I have hitherto been using immense quantities of banana skins in the manufacture of my indestructible anti-skid tires, but I have found a substitute in the wads of slightly-used chewing gum adhering to the benches in the public parks, and will have no further use for bananas."

Atlantic Highlands, N. J.—Prohibition enforcement officers seized here last night a motor boat loaded with bananas, which on examination were found to have had the contents removed and replaced by rubber bottles containing rum. Owing to the high price of bananas, coconuts will in future be substituted.

Whidden Graham.

## How Do They Celebrate?

I WONDER what lawyers do to celebrate their fees. Do they buy new cars? Do wife and daughter get beautiful ropes of pearls? Do they buy annuities? Or do they just salt down?

It is absurd to think that they use them all for the upkeep of the home; or to pay for their children's educations. They could never spend their fees all on that.

How do I know? I paid my lawyer this morning.

E. J. K.



"I HEAR THE LITERARY CLUB WAS A FAILURE."  
"YES. THEY ESTABLISHED A RULE THAT YOU COULD ONLY TALK ABOUT BOOKS YOU HAD READ."

## Summer Days Down at Rosy Cheeks Farm

OVER in the Jersey Hills, at Rosy Cheeks Farm, a lot of poor New York children—thanks to their big benefactor who gave the farm to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, and to the unfailing generosity of LIFE's readers—are forgetting for a too short time that there are such things as hot pavements, stuffy bedrooms and the bad air and bad smells of the city's crowded district in midsummer.

Those kiddies are forming a close acquaintance, perhaps their first, with green grass, big trees and the open sky. They are learning the happiness of paddling in a brook with no policeman to interfere. They are finding out how much good wholesome food can be contained in their diminutive tum-tums. They are sleeping in big airy rooms with the fresh country air breezing into their little lungs, all of which leads to the disappearance of sallow skins and hollow faces—which is why we call the hundred and fifty-Jersey acres Rosy Cheeks Farm.

Up at old reliable Branchville, in Connecticut, where LIFE's Fresh Air Fund has been carrying on the work for years, the same agreeable process is being applied to two

hundred and fifty children every fortnight. LIFE is ashamed to say anything about money in connection with an ideal state of child happiness, but the Fund has had to go into its pocket pretty deeply to get the work at Rosy Cheeks on a running basis.

Of course there is no limit to the number of Fresh Air Endowments which may be created. Each one, at a cost of two hundred dollars, may be given a name by its donor and each assures that every summer, for all time, a poor child from New York will be sent for a fortnight's stay in the country.

The Fund has received from Mrs. A. P. Tallman, of Wheeling, West Virginia, funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 255

In Memory of HELEN.

From an anonymous donor in Alpine, New Jersey, for

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 256

In Memory of MY MOTHER.

From Frank H. Bessenger, Esq're, of Detroit, Michigan, for

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 257

In the Name of FRANK H. BESSENGER, JR.

From F. M. Graff, Esq're, of Blairville, Pennsylvania, funds to establish three Endowments as follows:

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 258

In the Name of THALIA

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 259

In the Name of MALCOLM

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 260

In the Name of PAGE.

From Sarly Kominoth, Westbury, New York, for

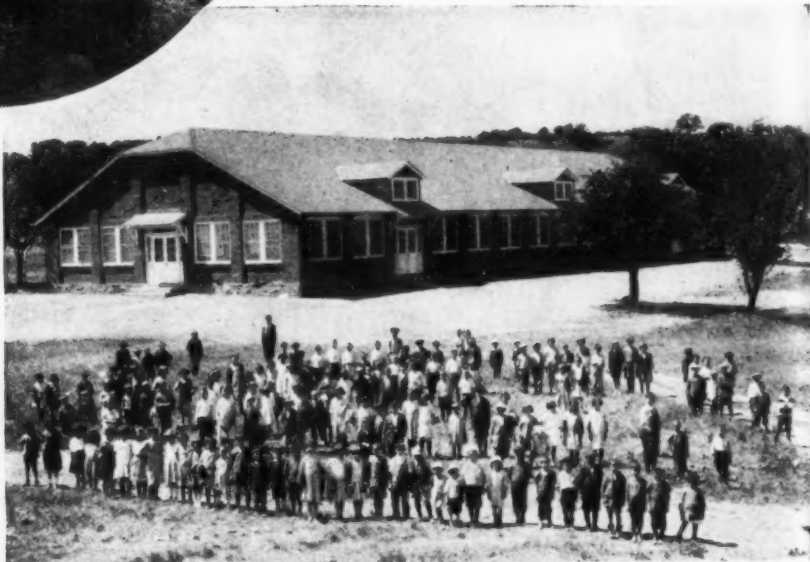
FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 261

In the Name of KOMINOTH.

(Acknowledgments of current contributions to the Fund will be found on page 32.)



SIR IZAAK WALTON,  
MINIATURE EDITIONS.



"HERE WE ARE AT  
ROSY CHEEKS!"

## Tin-Pan Tenderness

**B**ENNY the songsmith studied the map thoughtfully. "There must be some place where I can locate her. Alabama? No, it's been done too often. Georgia? Old stuff, too. Carolina? There's been quite a run on the Carolinas. Gotta pick a fresh one. Texas? Lemme see now. That has possibilities. Yep, Texas ain't been worked so hard. Suppose we make it Texas."

So Texas it was, and Benny was soon making progress at his task.

*Don't ask me why I'm lonely  
Don't ask me why I'm blue.  
I love you Mammy only  
Mammy my love is true.  
I'll take the train to-morrow—choo-choo  
I'll hop the flyer straight to you  
Mammy, Mammy  
Oh, my Mammy  
I'll go back straight to you  
In a bingalo, bangalo, bungalo' down in Texas.*

"That ought to knock 'em cold!" he reflected with satisfaction.

Then he proceeded to write the verse. It was highly pathetic. It pictured the homesick wanderer wearying of the great cities and longing passionately for the place of his childhood, where he used to roam in the "wild-wood"; it told vividly of the emptiness of existence in gilded New York as compared with the simple joys of that moss-covered, rose-covered, mortgage-covered shack down in Texas, where Mammy and her knee ever waited.

(Benny had never been south of Philadelphia, but no matter.)

It was wonderful sentiment. They'd eat it up.

He rewrote it, making the yearning even more acute.

Oh, what a ragtime nostalgia for dear old Texas and dear old Mammy! You could fairly see her knee. More choo-choo stuff. Frenzied impatience for the morrow. Mammy and happiness. Simply gotta go.



"I'VE FOUND IT, HELEN!"

"FOUND WHAT?"

"THE OCEAN VIEW THIS HOTEL IS NAMED FOR."

It sure was a knockout.

Benny felt so set up over it that after slipping it to his publisher, Joe Gazish, he motored in his snappy roadster right down to Long Beach, where he'd been hankering to go.

And the person who awaited him there was not Dusky Mammy. She was blonde.

Lawton Mackall.



"OH, PA, WHY WON'T YOU GIVE ME A NICKEL TO-DAY?"

"I DON'T WANT TO."

"GO ON, GIVE ME A NICKEL NOW AND THE NEXT TIME YOU WANT TO YOU WON'T HAVE TO."



## Hollywood

**S**HORTLY after the world premiere of "Souls for Sale"—the photodrama supreme which was destined to tear aside the veil of secrecy surrounding Hollywood—Major Rupert Hughes, author, director and publicity manager for the picture, wrote a letter to this department, in which he said, "I am genuinely wondering what sort of plot you would write to represent Hollywood as you saw it."

The Major had me there. Every author whose work is the target for adverse criticism can always say to the critic, "If you know so much about it, why don't you write a successful story yourself?"—knowing full well that, if the critic could do this, he wouldn't be a critic.

However, I am now furnished with an effective reply to Major Hughes. I can say, without qualification, that if I had time to record my impressions of the movie capital, and present them on the screen, I should do it exactly as James Cruze, Frank Condon, Tom Geraghty and Walter Woods have done it in the motion picture, "Hollywood."

**I**NDEED, "Hollywood" is everything that "Souls for Sale" was not—which means that it is imaginative, forcible, sincere and legitimate in its humor and its sympathy. Moreover, every one of its characters is actually a human being.

Mr. Cruze had the great good sense to choose, for the characters in his story, actors and actresses who are absolutely unknown to the public. Thus, there is no overlapping of fiction and fact. Although there are plenty of famous stars in the background, appearing in their own identities, they are all logically introduced. Not one of them is dragged on for pictorial effect alone. Every recognizable star appears in his or her own character.

The story of "Hollywood," written by Mr. Condon and adapted by Messrs. Geraghty and Woods, is gratifyingly original; its authors were

not afraid to indulge in a little sly kidding. An ambitious girl journeys to Hollywood from her small-town home with her worthless and decrepit grandfather. She is out for fame and fortune. Grandpop is merely out for his health.

The girl can't get work, but her grandfather is instantly seized by William de Mille for a character rôle—and then proceeds to make good on the screen. Later, all the girl's relatives drift out to California, and all of them get into the movies. Never once does she manage to struggle past the Casting Director's window.

In addition to this roguish originality, "Hollywood" is blessed with an element of honest, straightforward insanity. One episode, which visualizes a boy's dream of Hollywood, is divinely crazy.

If there is propaganda in the film, it is put over delicately and subtly. Mr. Cruze has avoided the Rupert Hughes sledge-hammer methods of driving his points home: he never causes any character to step up to the camera and announce that there are more ministers than actors in jail. He takes neither himself nor his art seriously, being content to concentrate on the one object of producing a pic-

ture that will be a source of legitimate entertainment.

Mr. Cruze has had the courage to introduce into his story a fallen star to whom, rightly or wrongly, the screen is closed. It is a tremendous touch, devoid of mawkish sentiment, free from the semblance of preachiness—inserted solely for its value as drama.

**I** RECOMMEND "Hollywood" without question—to those who were delighted with "Souls for Sale" because it gave them an inside look at the citadel of the cinema, and to those who were disgusted with "Souls for Sale" because it was exaggerated, stupid and cheap.

"Hollywood" is a great picture.

## "The Love Piker"

**T**HE big moment in "The Love Piker" is provided when Anita Stewart steps out on a plank which juts precariously from a building, high above the street. It is meant to be a thrill as spine-chilling as anything in "Safety Last."

The thrill, however, doesn't quite crystallize. Something went wrong with the double-exposure process, so that it is possible for the spectator to look right through Miss Stewart and see the traffic moving about in the street below.

This, as I said, is the big moment in "The Love Piker." The rest of the picture is painfully dull.

## "A Gentleman of Leisure"

**J**ACK HOLT is never at fault, in his attire or in his manners. He is infallibly presentable, courtly and correct.

In "A Gentleman of Leisure" he hasn't much dramatic material to work with—but that doesn't disturb a hair of his head. He moves through each scene with indomitable poise, and converts what might otherwise be an uninteresting movie into a telling lesson in Perfect Behavior.

Robert E. Sherwood.



THE IMMACULATE MR. JACK HOLT, IN  
"A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE."





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### High Words

THE MAJOR (over garden wall): If you were a gentleman you would apologize for your dog's behavior!

THE COLONEL: I could never think of apologizing to you, sir!

"Sir, I thought you were a gentleman!"

"I never thought you were one, sir!"

"Well, perhaps we were both mistaken!"—*Answers (London).*

### A Labor-Saving Device

EMPLOYER: Do you believe in love at first sight, Miss Vampire?

STENOGRAPHER: Well, I think it saves a lot of time.—*Bulletin (Sydney).*

"RARE lot o' folk bathin' to-day, William."

"Aye—the sea be fair saturated with 'em."—*London Mail.*

Who remembers when we used t' rest on Sunday instead o' Monday?

—*Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.*



Madame (going over accounts):  
AND WHAT DOES THIS MEAN,  
JOSEPH—FIVE DOLLARS' WORTH  
OF KLAXON?

Chauffeur (aside): HANG IT!  
THE NEXT TIME I HAD BETTER  
CHARGE IT TO GASOLINE.

—*Le Rire (Paris).*

### One from the Green Isle

The cessation of the Irish "war" has released a crop of perfectly good stories.

An Irish peer was threatened with death, and it was left to one of his own retainers to write the anonymous letter. In due time Lord X. received the following:

"Your life has been declared forfeit, and you must be prepared instantly to meet your end.

"P.S.—I trust your Lordship won't think there's anything personal in this."  
—*Sporting & Dramatic News (London).*

### Footloose

"Le's go walkin', Miss Johnsing. I feels kinda pedestrian to-night."

"All right. I feels kinda walkative mah own self."

—*Nashville Tennessean.*

### Go Slow!

Advice to young man about to write a love letter: "Anything you say will be used as evidence against you."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

HE: What is a flirtation?

SHE: Attention without intention.

—*Chicago News.*

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Buy  
**FISK**

### Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 11)

did comment on the upkeep of a permanent wave, but I held my peace, albeit I consider such conduct among the few real grounds for divorce.

August  
4th

Off early for the country with Mr. Wilmers in his motor, and he and Sam did speak of many things, among them our attitude about the foreign debt, and I fell a-thinking of how nations are wont to put the wrong things into treaties. Marque and reprisal and such matters are naught but nouns to the average citizen, whereas oftentimes in a foreign city he would gladly change his politics for a box of matches that would strike. And do we forgive the debt, I trust Mr. Hughes will see to it that in the future Americans will not be wakened at frontiers in the middle of the night and searched for cigarettes.

Baird Leonard.

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### The Dénouement

The Colonel had only two types of stories, one concerning his amorous adventures, the other his adventures while tiger shooting.

It was guest night in the mess, and the Colonel, as was his wont, began to tell an exciting story of an encounter with a wounded tigress which sprang at him before he could re-load and bore him to the ground. At the critical moment an orderly entered to report that the G.O.C. wished to speak to the Colonel on the telephone, and the Colonel was compelled to break off abruptly.

He was absent for ten minutes, and on his return had forgotten which of his favorite stories he had been telling.

"What happened, Colonel?" asked one of the guests. "You were telling us of your dangerous situation."

"Oh, I kissed her," responded the Colonel airily. "She simply couldn't resist me and we dined together that evening. Her husband never knew."

—*Sporting and Dramatic News* (London).

### In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

#### Life

A very young doctor, opening a brand-new surgery, waited all day without a visitor until at last a breathless man came running up the drive.

"Sit down," said the young doctor, soothingly. "What can I do for you?"

"I must get on the telephone—at once," gasped the visitor. "My wife's ill, and I want to ring up my doctor."—*London Daily Express*.

#### Motorphrased

"He has a great faculty for putting the cart before the horse."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that; say he has a habit of trying to make the wheels run the motor."

—*Automobile Magazine*.

#### Lost: A Garden

MANAGER: You are asking for the day off to dig your garden, but I find you haven't a garden.

CLERK: Someone's taken it off the window sill, then.

—*Weekly Telegraph* (London).

#### Trump

WIFE: I had a lovely time at the bridge party this afternoon.

HUB: Did you have the best score? "No, the best gown."

—*Boston Transcript*.

REAL American celebrities—Baseball players, prize fighters, politicians, multimillionaires, murderers, any man with whiskers.—*Musical Courier*.

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## The Poet's Corner

(Continued from page 6)

book of poems and then, letting his eyes rest for a moment on an imaginary audience, begins to read.)

ASHES IN A SIDE STREET  
High heels in the Ash Can

Width of A.

Width of A.

Slaves of man

Thrown aside

Symbols of pride

High heels in the Ash Can

All through life they ran

While the tiny breasts swayed over the suede.

Betrayed! Betrayed!

High heels in the Ash Can.

Width of A.

Width of A.

O God! What small sizes some people wear.

PEARL (clapping rapturously): Superb! Magnificently read—and I like your not putting the number of the street, that was my suggestion.

MICHAEL (quite overcome from the intensity of reading, sinking into a chair): Now, darling, we will hear what came to you in the middle of your steak.

PEARL: I shall have to say it—I haven't written it down yet—(She clasps the dishtowel simply in her two hands against her bosom and recites.)

Last Night I wore my beads to bed,  
Last Night I wore my beads to bed  
And all night long like balls of lead,  
They wandered aimless through my head.

And all night long and in the dark  
I moaned in terror, lest they park  
In some most vital part—say lungs or heart.

Oh, haunted bed, oh, beads astray—  
If this be night, then give me day—  
But if 'tis day then give me night,  
I care not which, so sore my plight.  
And shrieking woke in my own room  
With dear ones gathered cloaked in gloom—

Fear not, I cried, there's naught to dread—  
Last night I wore my beads to bed.

(For a few minutes there is silence. Michael is torn between disapproval and a desire not to be unkind.)

MICHAEL (pulling himself together): Well, of course, darling, it's all right for the home, but for publication, never! I mean the rhyming and the rising inflection.

PEARL (utterly cast down): Yes, yes, dear, I know, that's the Baking Powder, shall I ever get away from it, I fight so hard—I think I'll clean up the sink to-morrow, and go to bed now. (She kisses him reverently on the brow.) My poet! (She goes into the bedroom.)

PEARL (sinking down beside the bed in anguish, and sobbing): God keep me from rhyme.



# Why Women Smile

As they never did before

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Most pictures are now taken with a smile, showing pretty teeth.

Look about you. Note how many smiles now show glistening teeth. That was not always so.

Millions of people are now using a new teeth-cleaning method. Every day they are combating the dingy film on teeth. You will also do so when you make this test and see the quick results.

## Film is unsightly

It is film that makes teeth dingy—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

If not frequently removed, it may form cloudy coats. It is also the basis of tartar.

That film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Dental science has long been seeking ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. Together they act to curdle the film and then remove it.

Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists the

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world over are advising their daily use.

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A new-type tooth paste has been created, to comply with all modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent.

These two film combatants are embodied in it. Millions of people have adopted it, largely by dental advice. To the homes of fifty nations it is bringing a new dental era.

Pepsodent brings two other very important effects. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

Thus every use of Pepsodent gives manifold power to Nature's great tooth-protecting forces in the mouth.

## Results are quick

Results are quick and convincing. You can see and feel them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Cut out the coupon now.

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THIS COPY OF LIFE?

# ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?



HERE'S A SIGN YOU CAN BELIEVE IN

*It's known as the DOLLAR SIGN, and one of them means  
Ten Weeks of LIFE for you. Could anything be luckier?*

**T**HIS is how it works: Choose some night, possibly to-night when there is a slight dullness in the atmosphere at home. Peel a dollar from your wallet, and write your name and address with the juice of a fountain pen on the coupon with the dotted-looking lines. (You must find the coupon for yourself, however.)

Take the bill and billet and place them together in a stamped envelope addressed to the 15th Floor, 598 Madison Ave., N. Y. City. Then mail the result, and await developments. Manifestations should occur on a Thursday about three weeks later, and continue weekly thereafter for TEN weeks. Don't be nervous—do as the Impulse directs!



## Life

Hoodoo?  
YOU DO!

Swami  
LIFE,  
598 Madison  
Ave., New York.

Dear Old  
Swastika —

Please take this \$ into  
the Inner Temple, and buy  
some charmed LIFES for me.  
(Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40.)

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LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York  
One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)



# BLUE BOAR

*English Blend Cigarettes*



## One man tells another

— tells him in that earnest and friendly way that never fails to ring true:—*"Smoke Blue Boar Cigarettes—English Blend—they're great!"*

It's the kind of enthusiasm that makes you think every Blue Boar smoker is on the Blue Boar payroll. It's catching. It

"sells" you right on the spot.

That's how the good word goes the rounds—that's how Blue Boars, richly blended and so delightful, are winning America.

Now, buy your first package, and your "find" becomes an enthusiasm—and again, *"one man tells another."*

Guaranteed by  
*The American Tobacco Co.*

